

THE  
CONTEST:  
AN  
ENGLISH PASTORAL,  
IN TWO PARTS.

TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

BY GEORGE PASMORE.

Where Nature flows with solid Wit,  
Like to the Sun its Beauties play,  
And throw their Lustre ev'ry way.

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L O N D O N :

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C O N T E N T S

P A R T I

I N T W O P A R T S

1. THE FIRST PART

2. THE SECOND PART

L O N D O N

## To my FRIEND.

**A**TTEND, good Sir, a Poet's song,  
A Poet innocent and young,  
Who oft has felt enraptur'd fire,  
But never knew to sound the lyre,  
Whose wild uncultivated skill  
Cou'd ne'er ascend Parnassus hill,  
Where Themes heroic greatly flow,  
But pensive sits and sings below  
The purest emblems of the mind,  
Artless, unpolish'd, unrefin'd.

In vain heroic Verse I sound,  
Milton hath search'd its utmost bound,  
Homer and Virgil both unite,  
And hinder future bards to write.  
'Tis useless morals to explore,  
For moral Pope is gone before,  
See noble precepts through him shine,  
And sweetness flow in ev'ry line.  
In humour all my strains decay,  
And fade compar'd to humorous Gay,  
Thrice happy bard his fame I greet,  
His works immortal numbers sweet.  
How shall I Nature's works rehearse?  
All Nature stoops to Shakespear's verse,  
Shakespear the wonder of his age,  
Patron of wit and of the stage.  
What need I mention Dryden's spirit,  
Unrival'd Young or Thompson's merit,  
Sweet Shenstone's elegiac gloom,  
Swift's rhapsody or dressing room;  
And other works of wit and humour,  
That through the world has spread such  
rumour.

Heroics, morals, humour, nature,  
Copies of action, speech, and feature,  
With ev'ry passion of the soul;  
See former bards complete the whole,  
And little left for future ages,  
But cop'ing their immortal pages.

WHAT shall I write? what shall I sing?  
Deceive my country and my king?  
Flatter some blown up knave in state,  
And write in hopes of being great?  
No!—rather let my labours die,  
Be bury'd in eternity,  
Held in contempt by ev'ry fool,  
And turn'd to shame and ridicule.  
Such praise my pen shall ne'er express,  
Flatt'ry avaunt thou emptiness,  
Thou disingenuous worthless theme,  
Thou bauble! nought, an id'ot's dream,  
Disgraceful, which at once bespatters  
The flatter'd fool and him that flatters.

'Tis not for titles nor estate,  
'Tis not the thoughts of being great,  
'Tis not for favour, not for gain,  
'Tis not for party-cause nor fame,  
'Tis not the sculptur'd marble bust  
Nor vain applause when in the dust,  
~~My poor corrupted bones shall rest~~  
That makes me draw m' untutor'd pen,  
And make it known to learned men.

TITLES and fortune, what are they?  
The frantic notions of a day,  
The pamper'd idols of the great,  
The scorn of men in low estate,

The

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The aim of misers, bost of fools,  
The bane of fops, the harlot's tools;  
When death, grim death lifts up his  
dart,

And strikes these shadows to the heart,  
Their titles given to the wind,  
Fopp'ry and fortune's left behind.  
Virtue and truth surpasseth death,  
Outlives the grave; for when the breath  
Is gone, the body laid in dust,  
The bones dissolv'd, as sure they must,  
The name forgot, yet after this  
Fond heav'n preserves a greater bliss,  
Eternal joys doth God bestow  
On those who godly live below.

GREATNESS!—alas!—'tis but a shade,  
By fickle fortune marr'd or made;  
The next aspiring to the crown,  
Proud fate sits up to pull him down,  
To day he's soaring to the sky,  
Tomorrow full as low as I.

FAVOUR is vain! and party cause,  
Tho' gold might tempt, fools give ap-  
plause;  
Will shew the genius of a fool  
And merit shame and ridicule.

The cannon'd batt'ry shall decay,  
The pillar'd castle fade away,  
Aspiring Shakespear's marble bust  
In time shall moulder into dust,  
And all this world's goodly frame  
Shall into chaos sink again.

THEN who wou'd for a bauble pine,  
That floating on the stream of time,  
And in, perhaps, a little day  
Whirls straw-like round and sinks away.

I write untutor'd, frank and free  
From musty rules or pedantry,  
I fear no critic, all my rules  
Are drawn from nature not from schools,  
For or in writing or discourse  
Dame Nature still shou'd have her force,  
And where she's curb'd you'll always  
find

She leaves a scratch or flaw behind.  
ART helps to polish, I allow it;  
But wants the vigour to endow it;  
And where you write with art alone,  
'Tis like a base but polish'd stone,  
Or like the monumental bust  
Here lies the great!—when 'tis but dust;  
Where nature's us'd and without art  
It acts on quite a diff'rent part,  
And like a ruby newly found,  
Or diamond just dug from the ground,  
Which tho' it wears a rugged skin,  
Contains its brilliancy within.

BUT where they both together meet,  
And Nature flows with solid wit,  
Like to the sun its beauties play,  
And throw their lustre ev'ry way;  
Nature shou'd always be the guide,  
With art and learning at her side;  
And where she seems too rough inclin'd,  
That place should be by art refin'd.

THIS, Sir, my first efforts I send  
To you, who've always been a friend  
To works of merit, trusting you  
Will give to merit, merit's due;  
And proud to send my trifle forth,  
Protected by a man of worth;  
Let Critics carp and folly sneer,  
I nor their frowns nor smiles shall fear.

---

# H A R M O N Y :

O R T H E

M O R N I N G.

---

**O**N Exe's banks that crosses Devon's plains,  
Begin my muse, and sing of Devon's swains ;

By that fair stream in whose clear twirling wave,

Diana's self might not refuse to ~~bathe~~. *love*.

Many a fish their glossy scales display,

And sport delightful in the sunny ray ;

B

Many

Many a time-worn oak adds rural grace,  
 And yields a harbour to the feather'd race;  
 On whose fair banks doth many willows stand,  
 And many poplars overspread the land;  
 Many a lambkin o'er the meadows sport,  
 Many a nymph and swain doth oft resort;  
 Where on May-day are many gambols play'd,  
 Here dwelt two shepherds and a lovely maid.

Two shepherds here, to whom one day gave birth,  
 Belov'd alike, and both of equal worth;  
 Of equal merit and of equal fame,  
 And each one day receiv'd his christian name;  
 The parish clerk had both their names enroll'd,  
 This WOELY and that CLOUDLINE was call'd.

BEARDLY the Curate tutor'd both the boys,  
 Their mother's darlings, and their father's joys.

At

At eight years old he took them both to school,  
And taught their A B C and Golden-Rule.  
Both read the Testament and Bible o'er,  
Both learnt so much they need to learn no more,  
Here both betimes their talents did improve,  
Now both were struck with one unhappy love.  
For Beardsly's daughter Phillimus, so fair  
Few nymphs had charms that could with her's compare,  
Had wounded sore both the unhappy swains,  
Both loves alike, and both alike complains.

Now since the period of their days begun,  
The earth had twenty times gone round the sun;  
Twenty cold winters rul'd the driving rains,  
As many summers had adorn'd the plains;  
Full twenty harvests to the barns were sent,  
As many times the harvest fruits were spent;

Both

Both now alike doth tend their father's sheep,  
And both by turns of love doth sing and weep.  
Two rivals who together us'd to play,  
But now, alas! contending ev'ry day.

ONE morn in May, beneath a beachen shade,  
Young WOELY sat, and sad soft music made;  
He sang, then sigh'd, then lay him all along,  
And this the subject of his daily song.

W O E L Y.

HERE morn and eve, at rise and set of sun,  
Before I feed my flocks, after I've done,  
Before the blackbirds perch on yonder tree,  
Before the fish do in the river play,  
Before the tow'ring rook doth feed her young,  
I here resort, and tune my mournful song.

DEAR

DEAR cruel PHILLIMUS ! I love her well !  
 I love her more than I have pow'r to tell !  
 I love her ! but alas ! 'tis all in vain,  
 She's also courted by another swain.

LAST Midsummer when I my love made known,  
 I think she lov'd me, but wou'd never own ;  
 Now CLOUDILINE his utmost power hath try'd,  
 But she with modesty his suit deny'd ;  
 And says to neither she her love will part,  
 While both contending strive to win her heart ;  
 From both alike with equal heed she flies ;  
 Thus both by opposition loose the prize ;  
 One must give o'er, the other's peace to save,  
 Wou'd he were dead, or I were in my grave.

THUS WOELY sang, as CLOUDILINE came by.

CLOUDILINE.

WHAT ails thee Slouch? what is it makes thee cry?  
'Twere better far thoud'ft tend thy father's sheep,  
Then like a baby, thus to sob and weep.

WOELY.

My father's sheep I tended long ago,  
But pray what is it makes thee chide me so??

CLOUDILINE.

HAVE I not reason, Lout, to curse the day,  
(Much less to chide) that gave thy passion sway,  
And impudence, for to oppose my love,  
And the affections of my dear remove ;  
For which not all thy worth can make amends ;  
But yet e'er long I'll pay thee for thy pains.

WOELY.

## W O R L D .

BE not so rash, for you yourself must own,  
 That I lov'd first, and first my love made known ;  
 In yonder field, 'twas in the month of June,  
 When trees, and flow'rs, and corn-fields were in bloom,  
 As by my sheep, and on the grass I lay,  
 The damsel came, we had a turn at play ;  
 I told her then, and she with pleasure heard,  
 And seem'd to yield, but never said a word ;  
 And till you your encroaching love made known,  
 She bent her smiles on me, and me alone.

## C L O U D I L I N E .

OLD CUDDY says, and 'tis by all agree'd,  
 That thou can'st deftly play and tune the reed :  
 This reed I got of GOODY TURTON's man,  
 For which I gave a handsome warming pan ;

Left

Left by my godmother, when on her bed  
She spoke her last, kiss'd me, and thus she said.

WHEN thou art marry'd and hast got a wife,  
This pan will often put an end to strife ;  
For if she scolds, have always in thy head,  
Take up some coals, my dear, let's go to bed ;  
She'll instantly obey, and take the pan,  
And a few moments makes you friends again.

THIS reed I'll tune, thou thine, we both will play  
By turns, some soft and sweet harmonious lay,  
And then by turns we will our voices rise,  
The best shall win, the worst shall loose the prize.

W O E L Y.

THIS reed, a better never felt the force,  
Of wind, or sound, or sweet harmonious verse :

This

This reed I got of Lobin at the fair,  
 The time we all and PHILLIMUS was there,  
 The lout was short of money, and d' ye know  
 He beg'd I'd lend him eighteenpence or so ;  
 I lent it him, and then it was agreed ;  
 That for the money I should have this reed ;  
 This reed I'll tune, and if I loose the score :  
 I'll never mention Phillimus no more .

## CLOUDILINE.

The bargain's good. See over yonder plain  
 Where BEARDLY comes along the dewey grain ;  
 'Tis Whitsuntide, the holidays are come,  
 And all his scholars learn their task at home ;  
 The good old man so early doth repair,  
 To view the fields and take the morning air .  
 A lucky hit, for he shall be our guide,  
 We'll sing, and he the matter shall decide .

D

BEARDLY

BEARDLY.

GOODMORROW, swains. The heavens seem to yield  
A pleasing scene, the flow'rs in yonder field  
Appear delightful; now to all 'tis plain  
That Nature never made a thing in vain.

GOODMORROW, CLOUDILINE, for well I wot  
Thou hast already fed thy father's flock.

GOODMORROW, WOELY, thus thy rising rear  
Bespeaks industry and repays my care.  
At ten years old when both were smiling boys,  
I taught that duty crown'd your parents' joys,  
And for you profit by the task you pen'd,  
I love you both and both alike commend.

W O E L Y.

Look to the right, and over yonder ground  
You'll see my father's sheep all safe and sound ;

I from

I from the ewes that suckle still their young  
 Have grub'd the nauseous wool and par'd the dung ;  
 The weather now is very hot indeed,  
 And lest the flies should blow and maggots breed,  
 Which soon from head to tail will o'er them creep,  
 And many heedless shepherds loose their sheep ;  
 I o'er their backs did powder'd brimstone throw  
 Which worms nor flies won't touch, and well I know  
 If here I bide and keep them in my sight  
 They will in safety feed until 'tis night :  
 For PHILLIMUS I'll tune my reed with thee,  
 And both shall yield as BEARDLY shall agree.

# CLOUDILINE.

Look to the left and over yonder field  
 You'll see my sheep a pleasing prospect yield ;  
 This morning e'er the crow her round had flown,  
 I o'er their backs had foot and brimstone thrown,  
 And

And other things, which worm nor busy fly  
 Will never touch, or if they do they die;  
 'Tis of such virtue and such strength withal,  
 That if they've got the worms t'will kill them all;  
 With this I strew'd their coats and war'nt they'll bide  
 Secure and feed until the even tide.  
 I'll tune my reed, and BEARDLY shall decree  
 Whether the Prize shall fall to you or me.

## BEARDLY.

Then tune your reeds by turns, and in the cause  
 Of him that sings the best I'll give applause;  
 See Phoebus rising o'er yon eastern hill,  
 And hark the clacking of yon water mill,  
 Hark ! in the wood the blackbird's thrilling note,  
 Hark ! in the air the lark's sweet warbling throat,  
 The thrush's harmony echos the vale,  
 And Philomela chaunts her plaintive tale;

Robin.

Lobin has yok'd his oxen to the plow,  
 And as he drives them on the yearlings low,  
 He keens it streight and flat the furrow throws,  
 And chearful sings and whistles as he goes.  
 In yonder meadow Crudly stroaks her kine,  
 In yonder barn the flial sounds amain,  
 See in the cornfield Dapperwit at play,  
 He aw jack crow to keep the birds away,  
 Your sheep are feeding in the pasture green,  
 The fish are sporting in the purling stream;  
 See round the hedges how the cowslips spring,  
 See round the oak the honeyfuckle cling,  
 See nature all in bloom, then tune your lay,  
 And I'll attentive listen while you play.

Sing first of Egypt's plagues and dire distress,  
 The people wand'ring in the wilderness,  
 How Pharaoh's bold and enterprising host  
 In the Red Sea was overwhelm'd and lost,

How Is'ralites rebell'd their God displeas'd,  
Moses intreated and their God appeas'd :  
Then sing of numbers and the golden rule ;  
For well you know I taught you this at school,  
And if you talk or sing you'll always find  
Learning rever'd, for that improves the mind ;  
Then sing by turns, by turns your voices rise,  
And he who best shall sing shall win the prize.

W O E L Y.

LEARNING's a thing I ever did approve,  
Yet now I'm fully bent to sing of love,  
Love !—softest passion of the human heart  
Which none can know but those that feel the smart.  
Go teach the wolf the shepherd's crook to bear,,  
And make the bleating flocks his only care ;  
And when his starving maw for food shall cry  
Go bid him spare the harmless lamb and die :

When

When this is done I'll PHILLIMUS forfake,  
 But nought till then my constancy shall shake ;  
 Therefore begin, I'll make thee own in time  
 That I'm thy master and the prize is mine

## CLOUDLINE

Love is a passion not to be withstood  
 By all the force of human flesh and blood ;  
 Therefore of numbers now I will not tell,  
 Nor any art at all, you may as well.  
 Go teach the yearling for to drive the plow,  
 Or make a piece of brittle glass to bow,  
 Or make th' astronomer bring down the moon,  
 Or cause its course to cease, and 'twill as soon.  
 Be done as for me to forsake my Love,  
 Or any other way my mind to move.  
 Begin, thou grovling Lout, and then e'er long  
 I'll make thee own I'm master of the song.

WOOLLY.



### W O R L D .

SWEET is the lambkin sporting o'er the fields,  
Sweet is the scent the honeysuckle yields,  
Sweet is the shady bow'r and myrtle grove,  
And sweet the cooing of the turtle dove;  
But neither lambkin, bow'r, nor dove, nor grove,  
Nor honeysuckle's half so sweet as Love.

### C L O U D I L I N E .

FAIR is the morning, when bright Phoebus beams,  
And radiant rays dart on the silver streams,  
Fair are the roses in the month of May,  
When Nature's perfect and all things look gay;  
Fair is the crimson poppy in the corn,  
And fair the flocks when fresh the fleece is shorn,  
My Love's more fair by far than Phoebus beams,  
Than poppies, roses, flocks or silver streams.

### W O R L D .

Last Peter's Day when we our sheep did shear,  
 We'd swains to help and PHILLIMUS was there ;  
 At nummit time, we all did sit adown,  
 And eat our cake and butter on the ground,  
 We crack'd the joke, and told the merry tale,  
 And chearful drank the horn of nut-brown ale ;  
 She tended me, and brought me that and this,  
 And for her tendance I return'd a kifs.

~~CLOWDY~~  
*Woely.*

At our sheep-shearing we had many swains,  
 And PHILLIMUS the beauty of the plains ;  
 Who our old ram shou'd shear we did agree  
 Our lots to cast, and so it fell on me ;  
 She helpt to catch the beast for to be shorn,  
 And while I ty'd his legs she held his horn.

WOELY.

ONE morning I my PHILLIMUS espy'd  
I ask'd a kifs, she with my fute comply'd,  
But still her hand in wedlock she deny'd!

CLOUDILINE.

ONE ev'ning PHILLIMUS was at her door  
I ask'd a kifs as oft I'd done before,  
She granted one—But wou'd not grant no more!

WOELY.

IN January last when well you know  
The frozen land was cover'd o'er with snow,  
When not a blade of grafs was to be seen,  
I fed my sheep with ivy ever green.  
In yonder hedge a rotten oak did stand  
Beneath a pit which late I filld with sand,  
Where Chop and Rape did many shillings earn,  
And cut the planks to floor my father's barn;

In

In summer time 'tis always dry and nice,  
 In winter fill'd with water, snow, and ice,  
 Whole loads of ivy twin'd the oak around,  
 And I got up to cut the ivy down,  
 Down comes the tree, I plumpt into the pit  
 All o'er with snow and water dropping wet ;  
 I scrambled out and instantly did fly  
 To PHILLIMUS, my dropping cloaths to dry ;  
 She lent her father's shirt and made a fire,  
 And gave me ev'ry thing I did desire.

# CLOUDILINE.

LAST Christmas eve at Cloddipole's, a feast  
 Was held for shepherds, I among the rest  
 At hide and seek did pass away the time,  
 Ne'er thought of home until the clock struck nine,  
 When straight I buftl'd out, and wou'd you think  
 A Jack a Lanthorn o'er the moors did flink,  
I thought

I thought 'twas birdbitters, and call'd amain,  
 And ran and call'd, but ran and call'd in vain,  
 He o'er the marshes, mud, and water flew,  
 I thróugh it all the phantom did pursue,  
 When to the hill it came then like a spark,  
 It vanish'd quite and left me in the dark.  
 To PHILLIMUS then instantly I sped,  
 And luckily she was not gone to bed ;  
 She lent her father's breeches, shoes, and hose,  
 And stir'd the fire the while I chang'd my cloaths ;  
 Then fetch'd some Christmas cyder, made it hot,  
 And grated nutmeg in the sparkling pot ;  
 I overjoy'd to see the maid so kind,  
 Trudg'd home and left my dirty cloaths behind.

WOELY.

LAST Sunday week when Ludinam was wed,  
 The day that Lumster for a bastard fled,

That

That goodly fwain was foully drawn astray  
 At Oakford revel last Midsummer's day,  
 By Margery, whom some calls strolling Mag,  
 A most unwholesome foul and filthy hag,  
 Common to all, but he being young and trim,  
 She left the rest and swore the child to him;  
 The day that Ludinam was wed I say,  
 We at our church the wedding psalm did play;  
 Then in the gall'ry, as I tun'd my viol,  
 I saw her cast her eyes on me and smile,  
 As if she meant if e'er this tune you play  
 Again, I hope 'twill be our wedding day.

## CLOUDILINE.

Now in this matter I can you confute  
 That self same Sunday as I tun'd my flute,  
 The flute chief guardian of the counter part,  
 As well thou know'st I'm perfect in that art,

G:

Then

Then as I tun'd to make the sounds agree,  
I saw her smile and saw she smil'd on me.

W O E L Y.

LAST Tuesday when to Tiverton I went,  
My father's wool to sell and pay his rent,  
For PHILLIMUS, who's always in my thought,  
I a fine pair of poesy garters bought,  
This on the first was written *Love me true*,  
And on the next these words *As I love you*,  
I brought them to my PHILLIMUS with speed,  
She smil'd and said 'twas pretty words indeed.

C L O U D I L I N E.

I went to Exeter last Easter day,  
To see the church and hear the organs play,  
There in a shop a handkerchief I spy'd,  
Of quaint device and with nice colours dy'd,

Two lovers bleeding in each others arms,  
 Beneath the fav'rite song of wars alarms,  
 They ask'd five shillings for't, I gave them four,  
 But wou'd have bought it had it cost me more;  
 I straight the booty to my Love did take,  
 She thank'd, and said she'd keep it for my sake.

## WOELY.

If she commands I instantly obey,  
 If she says yes I never say her nay,  
 If she looks pleas'd my heart's as light as air,  
 But if she frowns I sink into despair.

## CLOUDILINE.

If she intreats I ne'er her sute deny,  
 If she forbids I with her still comply,  
 If she looks gay I still gay looks return,  
 I laugh when she laughs, mourn when she does mourn.

WOELY.

SHROVE Tuesday I my Philibet espyd  
 As she was sitting by the window side,  
 Perusing over Goadby's miscellany,  
 Which ev'ry week doth stand her in a penny,  
 She at the end a puzzling rebus found,  
 And gave it me that I might it expound;  
 Which when I had perused for some time,  
 I found it out and answer'd it in rhyme.

## REBUS.

THE fairest flow'r that in the garden grows,  
 A solemn bird that ne'er by day time shews,  
 The brightest jewel in a female breast,  
 A certain term we often use for rest,  
 Join the initials right, and you will find  
 To what we all are more or less inclin'd.

Thus word for word I give thee line for line,  
 If right thou answer'st I'll my Love resign.

CLOU-

## C L O U D I L I N E.

As I one day walk'd down the river side,  
 In musing thought my PHILLIMUS I spy'd  
 Beneath an elm that far o'er spreads the land,  
 She fate, the Lady's Di'ry in her hand,  
 A puzzling riddle there by Mistress Piere  
 Requir'd an answer the ensuing year,  
 My answer instantly the nymph requir'd,  
 And instantly I did as she desir'd.

## R I D D L E.

I rise the coward and cut down the brave,  
 Betray the tyrant and support the slave,  
 I make the harden'd heart sit down and weep,  
 I make the shepherd oft neglect his sheep,  
 I give the greatest pleasure, greatest pain,  
 Can kill at will and make alive again,

H

O'er

O'er all the world my power is the same ;  
 Now haste ye nymphs, and find me out my name.  
 Now answer this, and when thy task is done,  
 I'll yield the day and own that thou hast won.

## BEARDLY.

FORBEAR, contending Louts, for well I see  
 The prize will neither fall to thee nor thee,  
 I can't give judgment in so nice a cause,  
 You both sing well and both deserve applause ;  
 But if no other method you can take  
 To win your Love you'd best your Love forsake ;  
 Phoebus arrives at his meridian height,  
 And almost burns us with his scorching heat,  
 The shadow now is to its shortest grown,  
 Lobin unyokes his plow and lies him down ;  
 See at the stream the oxen slake their thirst,  
 And seem disputing which shall quench it first,

The

The crook tail fly doth yonder steer invade,  
 Who leaves his food and seeks the cooling shade,  
 The speckl'd snake now through the grass does run,  
 Or twin'd around lies basking in the sun ;  
 The lab'rour sleeps without or care or thought,  
 And Dapperwit has got his dinner brought ;  
 Then break your music off, for 'tis high time  
 You shou'd have done and hasten home to dine.

DISCORD

---

# D I S C O R D :

O R T H E

# E V E N I N G.

---

W O E L Y.

**I**N yonder hedge I have a basket got  
 Which I of Twist the cradle maker bought,  
 In which I have potatoes, beef, and bread,  
 And a course cloth which on the ground we'll spread,  
 Likewise a bottle of good Whitsun ale,  
 Brew'd last October, 'tis both strong and stale,

Here

Here in this shade we all will fit and dine,  
 And if you please you shall partake of mine,  
 And then we'll try again, for I can ne'er  
 Give up until I've lost or won the fair.

## CLOUDILINE.

HERE in my pocket I have got d'ye see,  
 Some pudding that was made on Whitfunday,  
 'Twas left and mother said 'twou'd do for me  
 When in the fields I did my sheep attend,  
 So put it by and kept it for that end;  
 I have a cag lies hid in yonder shade  
 With cyder that of choicest fruit was made,  
 And if you please you shall with all my heart  
 Sit in this shade with me and take a part,  
 I'll not the matter drop until 'tis night,  
 For I'm resolv'd sooner than loose to fight.

I

BEARDLY.

BEARDLY.

THEN sit we down, I take you at your word,  
 And envy not the table of my lord,  
 Dame Nature's banquets are by far the best,  
 She's always furnish'd with the healthy guest,  
 While study'd dishes and the sparkling glass,  
 Apall the stomach e'er the food you taste.

THEN all fate down unto the homely food,  
 BEARDLY well pleas'd to find the ale was good;  
 The swains the pudding lik'd, and all seem'd pleas'd,  
 Tho' yet a something both their bosoms teas'd,  
 And each by turns with hope and fear oppress'd,  
 Each countenance their various thoughts express'd,  
 A desp'rate wound did each their hearts endure,  
 And desp'rate wounds require a desp'rate cure;  
 Here each revolving in his troubl'd mind  
 What he shou'd do to make the maid be kind,

When

When WOELY, who with Love's soft passion burn'd,  
His mind express'd thus, CLOUDILINE return'd,

W O E L Y.

To end the matter, for 'till that is o'er  
I ne'er shall know nor peace, nor rest no more;  
At Studley revel last when both were there,  
We partners went the gold-lac'd hat to share,  
At wrestling I two Ansty men did throw,  
And held another out, and well you know  
I had my legs well kick'd; you also threw  
One Bampton man, and held out 'tother two;  
We won the prize, and all the fwains agree  
They know not which is best or you or me;  
For PHILLIMUS I'll wrestle with thee straight,  
And he that falls shall yield him to his fate.

C L O U D I L I N E.

If I do wrestle in these Whitfun cloaths  
I fear they'll break, besides I've got new shoes,  
Which.

Which well thou know'st at wrestling will not do,  
 Or else I'd wrestle, and I'd throw thee too;  
 But thou remember'st well not long ago,  
 When we to Skillgate revel both did go,  
 At cudgels there we for a watch did play,  
 And PHILLIMUS was there that very day,  
 We both agreed each other's part to take,  
 And I three Wiveliscomb heads did break,  
 And thou as many Skilgate heads didst scratch,  
 So we in triumph bore away the watch,  
 I have a cudgle here exactly cut,  
 My little cag shall serve me for a but.  
And if thou dar'st with me to trust thy head,  
 I break it for thee and the damsel wed.

## W O E L Y.

This cudgle here a better ne'er was us'd,  
 A handsome stick, and out of many chus'd,  
 With which I've basted many a hardy swain,  
 And be n't afraid of doing it again,

My

My basket here I for a butt will take,  
 For nought in Love my constancy can shake,  
 Therefore prepare thou daring Lout, and soon  
 I'll break thy head, and make thee own I've won.

E'EN as a centinel at war's alarms  
 Flies to his standard and supports his arms,  
 With equal haste the swains themselves prepare,  
 Each doft his hat insensible of fear,  
 Each doft his doublet and his cudgel seiz'd,  
 And both alike seem'd vigorously pleas'd.

BEARDLY stood trier as he'd done before,  
 That each might play his minuets and no more,  
 Three minuets to each turn, three turns agreed,  
 In which if chanc'd that neither should succeed  
 They both shou'd drop the cause and leave the rest  
 Unto the maid to chouse as she lik'd best.  
 They both are ready and the play begin,  
 When CLOUDILINE straight darts at WOELY's chin,

K

But

But WOELY worry off th' intended stroke;  
 Prevented quick his head from being broke;  
 Then fetcht his usual strength and bufl'd up,  
 Thinking to strike him o'er his worry butt,  
 When CLOUDILINE his cudgel lifted high,  
 And WOELY felt it smart upon his thigh,  
 Which though severe it never made him flinch,  
 But stand off Taker cry'd, nor gave an inch,  
 Both felt the smart and both with passion burn;  
 When BEARDLY stept between and cry'd a turn.  
 Both stop three minutes now and pant for breath,  
 And both by turns as pale as clay cold death,  
 And when by turns their breasts were fill'd with ire;  
 Their colours chang'd and seem'd like flaming fire.  
 The minuets out up both their hands they throw,  
 The butt for guard the cudgel for the blow,  
 Each gave his blows severe, and each of course  
 Return'd his vig'rous blows with equal force;

The cag and basket both their heads did guide,  
 But neither spar'd his belly, back, nor side,  
 And now at length the second turn is o'er,  
 Each stopt three minutes but would stop no more;  
 Each with redoubl'd courage bang'd his foe,  
 And each gave push for push and blow for blow;  
 So equal was the Contest none could say  
 With fastey which wou'd win or loose the day.  
 WOELY at length did a fit time espy,  
 And struck stout CLOUDILINE upon his thigh,  
 Just at the place that Jacob's wound was giv'n,  
 When he strove with the messenger of heav'n,  
 Seiz'd with the smart he drops his warry guide,  
 And WOELY now a proper time espy'd,  
 As CLOUDILINE, with pain his strength was fled,  
 He struck his cudgel o'er and broke his head,  
 Then blood ! blood ! blood ! echo'd the vales around,  
 And blood ! blood ! blood ! the hollow rocks resound,

W O E L Y

Adown.

( 40 )

Adown his face distill'd a purple flood,  
And silver tears ran trickling with the blood,

BEARDLY surpriz'd, exclaim'd,

BEARDLY.

WOELY hath won,

My PHILLIMUS and he shall be my son,

I'm glad for WOELY, and he shall be mine,

But yet I'm sorry for stout CLOUDILINE.

CLOUDILINE.

Thrice happy swain here now this cudgel take,

And eke this pouch and keep it for my sake,

This Queen Ann's crown pray give to PHILLIMUS,

Tell her 'twas CLOUDILINE that sent her this,

A token of his last his long farewell,

Tell her I lov'd and striving for her fell,

Tell her I have forsook my father's sheep,

Tell her I'm dead, and then I know she'll weep,

Say that for her my back and sides are sore,

Tell her that I am—Oh! I can no more.

WOELY.

WOE L Y.

Woe is thy fate thou thrice unhappy swain,  
 Wou'd I cou'd give relief or ease thy pain;  
 How vain are all our tranſient earthly joys,  
 While young in hope a blaſt of grief deſtroys,  
 Both love and friendship did my heart poſſeſs,  
 And CLOUDILINE was next to PHILLIMUS.

BEARDLY.

WELL it becomes thee, WOELY, thus to mourn,  
 And CLOUDILINE to praife thee in return;  
 But fortune's fickle, and the human mind  
 Is often found as changeſul as the wind,  
 What lies ſo heavy on your breafte to day,  
 May be with care tomorrow thrown away.

SEE o'er yon weſtern hill the ſetting ſun,  
 With redden'd face, his courſe is almoſt run,  
 The ſhadow lengthens, and approaching night  
 Is near at hand, the birds do wing their flight

L

Unto,

Unto the bushes or the rookey wood,  
 The fish are silent in the silver flood,  
 In yonder field see LOBIN trudge along,  
 His bottle on his shoulder fall'ing home,  
 CRUDLY again to milk her cow repairs,  
 The thresher with his labour leaves his cares,  
 And hast'ning home to his industrious wife,  
 Ne'er feels the bitter pangs of luscious life,  
 The owl appears and round the hedges flies,  
 The heat abates, the dew begins to rise,  
 I now begin to feel th' approaching cold,  
 Your flocks seem anxious to be drove to fold;  
 WOELY, cheer up, for thou hast won a wife,  
 With which I hope thou'lt live a happy life;  
 And, CLOUDLINE, dry up thy needless tears,  
 Go, wash thy head and drop thy silly fears;  
 WOELY 'll be happy, that I plainly see,  
 And yet e'er long I'll find a wife for thee.

FINIS.